

A  
CROVVNE

FOR A  
CONQUEROUR;  
AND  
TOO LATE TO  
CALL BACKE  
YESTERDAY.

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*Two Poems,*

The one Divine, the other Morall.

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By R. D.

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LONDON:

Printed by E. P. for Francis Constable, and are to be  
sold at his shop, under Saint Martins Church,  
at Ludgate. 1629.

OROVINE

CONQUEROR:

AND

TOO LATE TO

CALL BACK

YESTERDAY

The Poems,

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B. R. D.

London:

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4964



A CROWNE FOR A  
CONQUEROR:

Made apparant in these words.

*Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me,*

R E V. 20. 12.

**B**Ehold? why *Lord*, is thy approach so rare,  
That it deserves an *Ecce*? *Ecces* are  
Vshersto admirable things. 'Tis true,  
If I (with spirit-ravish'd *Iohn*) take view,  
Of thee in thy celestiall seat, thy sight  
Is cleare as Chrystall, as the *Sardin* bright,  
And rounded with a raine-bow; twice 12 seates,  
(Whereon the shine of thy faire brightnesse beates,)  
Bearing these foure and twenty Elders, all  
With white robes, Palmes, and Crownes Imperial,  
This sure deserves an *Ecce*. Or at thy last  
And generall comming *Lord*, when thou shalt cast  
A blonishment on all things, and descend  
With an Earth-shaking shout, when hills shall bend  
And rocks dissolve at the Arch-Angels voyce,

And towers tremble at the Trumpets noyse,  
 This sure deserves an *Ecce*. But my Lord,  
 (Give Du st and Ashes leave to speake, afford  
 My frailty so much favour) when thou doom'st  
 A sicke Saint on his bed to death, and com'st  
 In a particular iudgement, Lord unfold  
 Where lyes this word of wonder then, BEHOLD?

*Christ*. When your sick saint lyes gasping, and his  
 Forsaken of the senses, when his soule (soule,  
 And deadly foe triumphs in his temptations,  
 And with distrusts and frequent perturbations  
 Buffets his panting faith, and shewes his sinnes  
 Had in their circumstances, and begins  
 To blast the beauty of his hope, from thence,  
 Implying that soule piercing consequence  
 Of condigne iustice, from my deserved rod,  
 And asks your sick saint, *where is now thy God?*  
 Then, and even then, when his feare-shaken faith,  
 (Save sighes and groanes) no plea for pardon hath;  
 Even when your saint doth faint, and in this throng  
 Of fiery tryals, can but truly long  
 For my salvation, when when thy saint seeth  
 Against his weaknesse, when the heathen are  
 Within my b.ritage his heart, and he  
 Looking upon his right hand, but can see  
 None that will pity him, and on his left,  
 But none compassionates, seeming bereft.



Of helpe and hope, then gets his trembling soule  
To me his God, right humbly, and doth roule  
It selfe upon me, as the Hart doth pant  
After the brooke, so doth his faith, being faint  
With these hot pursuits, thirst for me his God.  
Then lay I by my exercising rod,  
And lend my staffe of comfort, this bruis'd reed  
I breake not, but support; whilst he doth bleed,  
I bring him balme from *Gilead*: tell me you  
That modestly, yet question'd, is there not due,  
To such great grace an *Ecce*? Even when  
Your Saint lyes languagelesse, being left of men,  
Tempted within, his faith, even like to dye,  
Doth fore-sicke of a spirituall ague lye;  
When nature failes, and conscience gives his doome,  
*God hath forgot thee*, then **B E H O L D** I come.



*F Come.*

**T**Wo wayes I come: yet as in fields we see  
Diverse paths pointed upon one stile be;  
So, every way I to mine owne appeare,  
Tends to Eternity. First I draw neere  
By my sweet Spirit, the noblest company  
That can be kept, and the deepe mystery  
Of your sicke Saints salvation he makes plaine,  
Teaching him more then's whole life could attaine.  
When

(1)  
When I bid death goe, then I come indeed,  
And shew him my salvation, then the good speed,  
Of Faith and Patience comes, and makes him cry,  
Oh large reward for little industry:

*Quickly.*

**B** Ut drinke set in a thirsty labourers eye,  
And not in's reach, augments his misery.  
Or say a friend doe bring it, each delay  
Lessens the courtesie, and makes more way  
To tothers torment: therefore (thou sad soule  
That sighst to be dissolv'd, and dost condole  
My long thought stay) **BEHOLD!** as I with grace  
Doe come, so I come **QUICKLY**, I whose face  
The builders spat on, I the refused stone,  
(Their scourge,) will be to thee a Saviour showne:

*Christian.* O wounded Master! now I know tis thee  
Eagle-eyed faith informes me, she doth see  
The wide wound in thy side, thy holy head  
Thrust through with thorns, when all thy body bled,  
Comst thou deare master? comst thou quickly too?  
Look soul, what he, for whom th'ast sighd doth do!  
He comes, and he comes for thee, fairely greet him,  
It is the Bridegroom, soule, goe forth and meet him.

*And my reward is with me.*

The world saith still, *The more haste, the worse speed,*  
Haste makes no waste with me, what was decreed,

To guerdon thy sharp sufferings, I have not  
 Sent by a swifter convoy, nor forgot.  
 As I come quickly, lo, Behold; I bring  
*My reward with me, Triumph for suffering.*

*Christian.*

Thy reward Lord? tis thine yet; but for mee  
 Thou broughtst it sure, if thine, tis mine, for wee  
 Were long since troth plight to each other wrong,  
 I sing else of thee in the sweet *Love-song*.  
 There I protest in a truth all diuine,  
*I my beloveds am, and hee is mine.*  
 But (my hearts noble Master) what may it bee  
 Thou calst heere thy *Reward*? Me thinks I see  
 In thy white, liberall hand a *Crowne*, and set  
 With seuen celestiall stones (none counterfet.)  
 Bearing these names, *Election, Creation,*  
*Redemption*, and that midle Iemme *Vocation.*  
*Sanctification, Iustification*, and  
*Glorification*. These seuen stones doe stand  
 About this *Crowne* more glorious then the stars  
 And this is their *Reward*, die in thy warres.  
 For me this crowne? oh what sweete paines I prove!  
*Grace giues the Wound*, and I lye sick of *Love*.  
*Alas Lord*, my vnworthynes!

*Christ. Forbear.*

*(tears)*

Though you to Heaven might *pass* through humble  
Yet in Mee all your worthinesse is come  
Before my Father. I have given in the summe  
Of all your sufferings, all your sighes, your teares,  
Your gracious groanings, your faith-vanquisht fears;  
Your prayers, your almes, your earning bowels, when  
Y'ave knowne me hungry, in poore helpelesse men.  
Your pious acts, which shall preserve your name  
Sweet as a perfume in the mouth of Fame.  
What think you this (summ'd up in heaven) will be?  
Truely the Totall is Eternity.

Have you not heard of one *Onesimus*.

*Paul* did but write for him, I will speake thus

For you my deare one. *Father I beseeche*

*Phile. Thy Mercy for this sinner. Let my speech*

Be prevalent, as with him was my word,

Which unto Faith begot him: yet afford

Mee audience Holy Father; in times past

He was unprofitable, but this last

Part of his life (full of sincerity)

Was fruitfull to the faithfull and to me.

T'was for a season he went from thee sure,

That thou for ever mightst receive him; Cure

His wounded conscience, and accept him now,

Not as a servant LORD, to him allow,



*The liberty of a beloved Sonne.*

*Obrighteous Father! if this Saint hath runne  
In areares with thee, if hee owe thee ought,  
Put it to my accounts, for I have bought  
Him highly, yet that thou sustaine no losse,  
Deare Father, score his debt upon my Crosse.  
Thus will I speak for him whom sin casts down,  
Thus plead his Cause to whom I give this Crowne.*

*Christian.* But Lord, before I of this grace be sped,  
Admit my Faith fail, then I lose the head, (down,  
(Should wear this wreath, faith beats all enemies  
And overcomes the world, to such this Crowne  
By promise appertaines.

*Christ.* With patience sit,  
I that keepe it for thee, keepe thee for it.

*Christian.* Then I receive it with all due regard,  
Not as my merit (*Lord*) but thy reward.

FINIS.

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TOO LATE TO  
CALL BACKE  
YESTERDAY.

AND,  
TO-MORROW COMES  
NOT YET.

*The words fancied in a DIALOGVE, supposed  
betweene*

*A LOVER AND  
THE DAY.*

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By R. D.

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LONDON,

Printed by E. D. for Francis and Ralph. 1620.

TO THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK

TO THE  
COMMONS

IN SENATE

REPORT  
OF THE






TO  
MY NOBLE FRIENDS,

M<sup>r</sup> RICHARD ROBINSON,

And

M<sup>r</sup> MICHAEL BOWYER.

 These Poems (true and Noble Friends) being some expence of my time at Sea, I have thus habited, to present them as my true love to you on the Land. In one morning I present you with two poems. They are Virgins that never before kist the Presse, yet now come ready prest to kisse your hands. I have phrased them rather with a native familiarity, then an impertinent Elegancy, least by disregulating Art, I had made nature monstrous. Yet where the dignity of the subiect duely invites a higher-valued language, I have (to my ability) endeavoured

## The Epistle.

vored a redemption. Were I vers'd in the  
tricke of flattery, I should have Deckt my de-  
dication with some protestations of your wor-  
thinesse and my love But I suppose honest  
faithfulnesse rather blemished then embellish-  
ed with those adulterated beauties; Favour  
mee to read this Messenger of my love; and  
more, to Accept it as the fruites of those  
faire respects in which (as I ever was) I am  
alwaies,

At your commandement

a servant,

ROB. DAVENPORT.



# TOO LATE TO CALL BACK

YESTERDAY;

AND

TOMORROW COMES

NOT YET.

*He yesterday a Lover was,*

*To-morrow comes to Age,*

*He cals, both fayle : towards Heaven to-day*

*He points his pilgrimage.*

*Lover*  *O yesterday!*

*Yester.* *Who cals?*

*Lover.* *A Lover.*

*Yester.* *Why?*

*Lover* *Deare yesterday come backe.*

*Yester.* *Lover not I,*

*I dare not so transgresse against times glasse,*

*Lover* *One word—but one word*

*Yester.* *Not one : let me passe.*

By the Dewes that deckt thy lockes,  
 By the Heardes, and by the Flockes,  
 By Times oft Wel-taken Lock.  
 By the Swallow, Cy the Coke  
 That tould the Ploughman thy approach,  
 And that the Sunne was taking Coach,  
 By the Dainty-languag'd Larke.  
 By every thing that hates the Darke,  
 Good yesterday come backe.  
 By thy faire and lovely Face,  
 And by the Sun which gave that grace.  
 Sweet Yesterday come backe.

*Rest.* What should I doe?

*Lo.* I gave my Mistris vowes, nay and teares to;  
 Bring them all backe, for (oh sad truth to say!)  
 She seem'd true then, I find her false To-Day.

*Yester-Day.*

What's this to me? their griefs they past cure find,  
 Who (to give love eyes) strike their Reason blind.

*Lo.* I stain'd thy faire face with a foule sin, bring  
 But that then backe.

*Rest.* Foole! hope for no such thing.  
 Goe grieve, goe weep; & let thy teare-stain'd face  
 Court Mercy, and beget thee new to grace.

For



For, to repent is nere too late, all say.

But 'tis *Too late to call backe yesterday.*

*Lov.* Why then (my blinded Reason to restore)  
I'll leave to *Love*, and *love* to sinne no more.

TO-MORROW COMES NOT YET.

*Lov.* Since then *yesterday* is gon,  
*To-Morrow* ! wing thee, haste, come on.

*To-M.* I must not looke *To-Day* i'th face.

*Lov.* Yet good *To-Morrow* mend thy pace.

*To-M.* I dare not.

*Lov.* Why ?

*To-M.* If I too swiftly passe,  
I presse *Times* sands too hard, and breake his glasse.

*Lov.* By my Hopes to thee extended.  
By the Feares of men condemned.

By the Ioyes thou bring'st along.

By the Grieffs that with thee throng.

By the promis'd meetings made.

By the money thou'lt see payde.

By their gladnesse that receive it.

By their sadnesse that doe beare it.

By those sweet Maydes languishings

To whose beds thine Evening brings

Kind husbands, *To-Morrow* make haste.

*To-Mo.* Why?

*Lov.* Shall I tell thee merrily?

With thee my lands come to my hands,  
and sommes of money store.

With thee I'll laugh, caper and quaffe,  
and never mind a Mistrille more.

*To-Mo.* This hasts not me. I must perforce refuse  
Better not see, then see me and abuse me. (thee.)

*Lov.* Why then *To-Morrow* make a friendly hasts,  
And my wild, rough, old *WILL* I will new cast.  
I, that *To-Day* am practiz'd in the trade  
Of sin, I will *To-morrow* be new made.  
Therefore *To-Morrow* make hasts.

*To-Mo.* Thus some say,  
Who are found worse *To-Morrow* then *To-Day*.  
When *Verbalists* subdue our easie trust,  
We plough in sand, and write our hopes in dust.  
Dissembler cease; swift vowes we soone forget,  
Repent *To-Day* *To-Morrow* comes not yet.

*Lov.* Why then (to shun succession of my sorrow)  
I'll be new made *To-day*, yet mind *To-Morrow*.

**T O - D A Y W H I L E I M A Y .**

*Lov.* Well met *To-Day*. Why such great hasts?

*To-Day.* To please  
The long ng eyes of the *Antipodes*.

*Yesterday is their Day, in joy and sorrow.*

*And I, that am thy Day, I am their Morrow.*

*The round fac'd world is look't on by us three,*

*I pursue Yesterday, To-Morrow mee.*

*Lo. Yet good To-Day doe not so swiftly slide.*

*By the causes this Day tride.*

*By thy beauty And. by all.*

*Thy dainty Deckings. By the fall*

*Of thy sweet fertile showres. And by*

*Thy againe unclouded eye.*

*By the Birds that sing thy grace.*

*By the winds that fanne thy face,*

*By thy foure and twenty steps.*

*By thy minutes active leapes,*

*By my intended goodnesse. And*

*By times strickt-observed sand.*

*Since tis too late, as all men say,*

*To call backe gadding yesterday.*

*And since To-morrow comes not yet,*

*To my paine a period set.*

*Being left alone to thee,*

*Good To-day stay, be kind and pittie me.*

*To D. And why, important pleader, should I stay?*

*Lover I feele a noble change methinkes to day,*

*My soules deare Lover calls for me his choyce,*

*And I desire to day to heare his voyce.*

Inlarge not then my griefes by thy neglect,  
But let my high cause court thy kind respect.

*To D.* This stops not me, Farewell, I must away.  
Lovers call for me past *America*.

*Love.* Why then deare lover of my soule;  
(Since I cannot times controule)  
Seeke thy sheep, lost in this worlds brackey ground,  
Seeke him that doth desire to be found.

*Christ.*

Why woost thou me? have sinners hope to speed?

*Love.* True Lord, a sinner, yet a broken *Kneed*.

*Christ.*

Thy life is spotted, foule, and blacke as night.

*Love.* True Master, but thy life was virgin white.

*By thy Love my hearts Delight.*

*By thy un-match'd excellence.*

*By thy victorious Patience.*

*By thy comely silence, when*

*Thou (my God) wert skorn'd of men.*

*By that sweet, and saving looke*

*Thou didst cast back on Peters Booke*

*Me in thy mercy. Let thy grace abound.*

*Seeke him, that doth desire to be found.*

*Chr.* Tell me oh thou for whom I bled, ( I see  
A Majestie in thy Humilitie )

And



And therefore tell me my lost sheep, be true,  
 And tell me where thou feed'st. A teare or two  
 Will bring thee backe. Or, if th'art gon astray,  
 I'll send *A voyce behind thee, that shall say*  
*This is the, way walke in't.*

*Loꝝ.* I am not in  
 Thy SPICIE GARDEN, but a Sea of sin.  
 I feede not Lord amongst the LILLIES, No;  
 I feast with mine owne follies. Since 'tis so  
 That YESTERDAY I was lost in this ground,  
 And being not sure TO-MORROW to be found;  
 Deere Master, and good Shepherd; mind thy gaines,  
*Find me TO-DAY, and take me for thy paines.*

FINIS.

And therefore tell me my loss keep being  
And tell me what I have lost  
Will bring me back. O if I but could say  
I had a power behind me, that I could say  
I have the power to make it  
Loe. I am not in  
Thy SPIRIT GARDEN, but a Sea of sin  
I feede not Lord amongst the Lilies, No  
I feede with mine owne follies, since tis so  
That YESTERDAY I was lost in this ground  
And being not sure T-O-MORROW to be found  
Deere Master, and good Saviour, I pray  
Ere I see T-O-DAY, and take my rest to pray

FINIS.